Numb. 131.

THE Pennſylvania GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Thurſday, May 13. to Thurſday, May 20. 1731.

WE are confident that none who are Lovers of Poetry will be diſpleas'd to find this Weeks Paper almoſt wholly taken up with the following beautiful Piece. It is an agreeable Deſcription of the SPRING in theſe Parts of *America*; the Publication of which the Author modeſtly declin'd to allow till another Seaſon; but his Friends were of opinion, that ſo excellent a Picture would ſuffer no diſadvantage by an immediate compariſon with the Original. The religious Turn given the whole, is ſuitable to the ancient Uſe and firſt Deſign of Verſe; the Muſe being then only well and rightly employ'd, when ſhe excites to Piety and Virtue.

A Journey from *Patapſco* to *Annapolis*.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muſæ
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant; Cœliq; vias et Sydera *monſtrent*; ----
Sin has ne poſſim Naturæ accedere partes,
Frigidus obſtiterit circum præcordia Sanguis
Rura *mihi*, *et* rigui *placeant in Vallibus* Amnes,
Flumina *amem*, Sylvaſq; *inglorius*. ---- Virg. *Geor.* 2.

AT length the wintry horrors diſappear,
And APRIL views with ſmiles the infant year;
The grateful earth from froſty chains unbound,
Pours out its vernal treaſures all around, (crown'd.
Her face bedeckt with graſs, with leaves the trees are
In this ſoft ſeaſon, e'er the dawn of day,
I mount my horſe, and lonely take my way,
From woody hills that ſhade Patapsko's head,
(In whoſe deep vales he makes his ſtony bed,
From whence he ruſhes with reſiſtleſs force,
Tho' huge rough rocks retard his rapid courſe,)
Down to Annapolis, on that ſmooth ſtream
Which took from fair Anne-Arundel its name.
And now the ſtar that uſhers in the day, ♀
" Begins to pale her ineffectual ray.
The moon with blunted horns now ſhines leſs bright,
Her fading face eclips'd with growing light;
The fleecy clouds with ſtreaky luſtre glow,
And day quits heav'n to view the earth below;
O'er yon tall trees the ſun ſhews half his face,
And fires their floating foliage with his rays;
Now ſheds aſlant on earth his lightſome beams,
That trembling ſhine in many-colour'd ſtreams:
Slow-riſing from the marſh, the miſt recedes,
The trees, emerging, rear their dewy heads;
Their dewy heads the ſun with pleaſure views,
And brightens into pearls the pendent dews.
The beaſts uprifing quit their leafy beds,
And to the chearful [illegible]reſt their heads;
All joyful riſe, except the filthy ſwine,
On obſcene litter ſtretch'd they ſnore ſupine:
In vain the day awakes, ſleep ſeals their eyes,
Till hunger breaks the bond and bids them riſe.

And now the ſun with more exalted ray,
From cloudleſs skies diſtributes riper day;
Thro' ſylvan ſcenes my journey I purſue,
Ten thouſand beauties riſing to my view;
Which kindle in my breaſt poetick flame,
And bid me my CREATOR's praiſe proclaim;
Tho' my low verſe ill ſuits the noble theme.
Here various flourets grace the teeming plains,
Adorn'd by nature's hand with beauteous ſtains;
Firſt-born of ſpring here the pacone appears,
Whoſe golden root a ſilver bloſſom rears.
In ſpreading tufts ſee there the crowfoot blue,
On whoſe green leaves ſtill ſhines a globous dew;
Behold the cinque-foil with its dazling dye
Of flaming yellow wounds the tender eye:
But there, enclos'd, the graſſy wheat is ſeen,
To heal the aking ſight with chearful green.
Safe in yon cottage dwells the monarch-ſwain,
His ſubject-flocks, cloſe-grazing, hide the plain;
For him they live, --- and die t' uphold his reign.
Viands unbought his well till'd lands afford,
And ſmiling plenty waits upon his board;
Health ſhines with ſprightly beams around his head,
And ſleep with downy wings o'erſhades his bed;
His ſons robuſt his daily labours ſhare,
Patient of toil, companions of his care;
And all their toils with ſweet ſucceſs are crown'd,
In graceful ranks theſe trees adorn the ground,
The peach, the plum, the apple here are found;
Delicious fruits ---! which from their kernels riſe,
So fruitful is the ſoil-- ſo mild the skies.
The lowly quince yon ſloping hill o'erſhades;
Here lofty cherry-trees erect their heads;
High in the air each ſpiry ſummit waves,
Whoſe blooms thick-ſpringing yield no ſpace for leaves.
Evolving odours fill the ambient air,
The birds delighted to the grove repair:
On every tree behold a tuneful throng,
The vocal vallies echo to their ſong.
But what is he, who perch'd above the reſt
Pours out ſuch various muſic from his breaſt!
His breaſt, whoſe plumes a chearful white diſplay,
His quiv'ring wings are dreſt in ſober grey.
Sure all the muſes this their bird inſpire!
And he, alone, is equal to the quire
Of warbling ſongſters who around him play,
While echo like he anſwers every lay.
The chirping lark now ſings with ſprightly note,
Reſponſive to her ſtrain he ſhapes his throat:
Now the poor widow'd turtle wails her mate,
While in ſoft ſounds he cooes to mourn his fate.
Oh ſweet muſician, thou doſt far excel
The ſoothing ſong of pleaſing Philomel!
Sweet is her ſong, but in few notes confin'd;
But thine, thou mimic of the feath'ry kind,
Runs thro' all notes!--thou only know'ſt them all,
At once the copy, ---- and the original

My

My ear thus charm'd, mine eye with pleaſure ſees,
Hov'ring about the flow'rs the induſtrious bees;
Like them in ſize the humming-bird I view,
Like them he ſucks his food the hony-dew,
With nimble tongue, and beak of jetty hue.
He takes with rapid whirl his noiſy flight,
His gemmy plumage ſtrikes the gazers ſight;
And as he moves his ever-flutt'ring wings,
Ten thouſand colours he around him flings:
Now I behold the emrald's vivid green,
Now ſcarlet, now a purple dye is ſeen;
In brighteſt blue his breaſt he now arrays,
Then ſtrait his plumes emit a golden blaze.
Thus whirring round he flies, and varying ſtill,
He mocks the poet's and the painter's skill;
Who may for ever ſtrive with fruitleſs pains,
To catch and fix thoſe beauteous changeful ſtains;
While ſcarlet now, and now the purple ſhines,
And gold to blue its tranſient gloſs reſigns;
Each quits, and quickly each reſumes its place,
And ever varying dyes each other chaſe.
Smalleſt of Birds, what beauties ſhine in thee!
A living rainbow on thy breaſt I ſee.
O had that *bard, in whoſe heart-pleaſing lines
The phœnix in a blaze of glory ſhines,
Beheld thoſe wonders which are ſhewn in thee,
That bird had loſt its immortality!
Thou in his verſe hadſt ſtretch'd thy flutt'ring wing
Above all other birds, --- their beauteous king.
But now th' enclos'd plantation I forſake,
And onwards thro' the woods my journey take;
The level road the longſom way beguiles,
A blooming wilderneſs around me ſmiles:
Here hardy oak, there fragrant hick'ry grows,
Their burſting buds the tender leaves diſcloſe;
The tender leaves in downy robes appear,
Trembling they ſeem to move with cautious fear,
Yet new to life, and ſtrangers to the air.
Here ſtately pines unite their whiſp'ring heads,
And with a ſolemn gloom embrown the glades.
See there a green ſavana opens wide,
Thro' which ſmooth ſtreams in wanton mazes glide;
Thick-branching ſhrubs o'er-hang the ſilver ſtreams
Which ſcarcely deign t' admit the ſolar beams.
While with delight on this ſoft ſcene I gaze,
The cattle upward look, and ceaſe to graze,
But into covert run thro' various ways.
And now the clouds in black aſſemblage riſe,
And dreary darkneſs overſpreads the skies,
Thro' which the ſun ſtrives to tranſmit his beams,
" But ſheds his ſickly light in ſtragling ſtreams.
Huſh'd is the muſick of the woodland quire,
Foreknowing of the ſtorm, the birds retire
For ſhelter, and forſake the ſhrubby plains,
And a dumb horror thro' the foreſt reigns:
In that lone houſe which opens wide its door,
Safe---may I tarry till the ſtorm is o'er.
Hark how the thunder rolls with ſolemn ſound!
And ſee the forceful lightning darts a wound
On yon tall oak---! behold its top laid bare!
Its body rent, and ſcatter'd thro' the air,
The ſplinters fly! ---now---now the winds ariſe,
From different quarters of the lowring skies;
Forth iſſuing fierce, the weſt and ſouth engage,
The waving foreſt bends beneath their rage:
But where the winding valley checks their courſe,
They roar and ravage with redoubled force;
With circling ſweep in dreadful whirlwinds move,
And from its roots tear up the gloomy grove;
Down-ruſhing fall the trees, and beat the ground,
In fragments fly the ſhatter'd limbs around;
Tremble the underwoods, the vales reſound.
Follows with patt'ring noiſe the icy hail,
And rain faſt falling floods the lowly vale.
Again the thunders roll, the lightnings fly,
And as they firſt diſturb'd, now clear the sky;
For lo, the guſt decreaſes by degrees,
The dying winds but ſob amidſt the trees;
With pleaſing ſoftneſs falls the ſilver rain,
Thro' which at firſt faint-gleaming o'er the plain,
The orb of light ſcarce darts a watry ray
To gild the drops that fall from ev'ry ſpray;

But ſoon the dusky Vapours are diſpel'd,
And thro' the miſt that late his face conceal'd,
Burſts the broad ſun, triumphant in a blaze
Too keen for ſight---yon cloud refracts his rays,
The mingling beams compoſe the ethereal bow,
How ſweet, how ſoft its melting colours glow!
Gaily they ſhine, by heav'nly pencils laid,
Yet vaniſh ſwift;---how ſoon does beauty fade!
The ſtorm is paſt, my journey I renew,
And a new ſcene of pleaſures greets my view:
Waſh'd by the copious rain the gummy pine
Does chearful with unſully'd verdure ſhine;
The dogwood flowers aſſume a ſnowy white,
The maple bluſhing gratifies the ſight:
The ſaſſafras unfolds its fragrant bloom,
The vine affords an exquiſite perfume;
Theſe grateful ſcents wide-waſting thro' the air,
The ſmelling ſenſe with balmy odours cheer.
And now the birds ſweet ſinging ſtretch their throats,
And in one choir unite their various notes,
Nor yet unpleaſing is the turtles voice,
Tho' he complains while other birds rejoyce.
Theſe vernal joys, all reſtleſs thoughts controul,
And gently ſoothing calm the troubled ſoul.
While ſuch delights my ſenſes entertain,
I ſcarce perceive that I have left the plain,
'Till now the ſummit of a mount I gain;
Low at whoſe ſandy baſe the river glides,
Slow-rolling near their height his languid tides;
Shade above ſhade, the trees in riſing ranks,
Cloath with eternal green his ſteepy banks:
The flood, well-pleas'd, reflects their verdant gleam
From the ſmooth mirror of his limpid ſtream.
But ſee the hawk, who with acute ſurvey,
Towring in air predeſtinates his prey
Amid the floods!---down-dropping from on high,
He ſtrikes the fiſh, and bears him thro' the sky.
The ſtream diſturb'd, no longer ſhews the ſcene
That lately ſtain'd its ſilver waves with green;
In ſpreading circles roll the troubled floods,
And to the ſhores bear off the pictur'd woods.
Now looking round I view the outſtretch'd land,
O'er which the ſight exerts a wide command;
The fertile vallies, and the naked hills,
The cattle feeding near the chryſtal rills;
The lawns wide op'ning to the ſunny ray,
And mazy thickets that exclude the day.
A-while the eye is pleas'd theſe ſcenes to trace,
Then hurrying o'er the intermediate ſpace,
Far-diſtant mountains dreſt in blue appear,
And all their woods are loſt in empty air.
The ſun near ſetting now arrays his head
In milder beams and lengthens ev'ry ſhade,
The riſing clouds uſurping on the day
A bright variety of dyes diſplay;
About the wide horizon ſwift they fly,
" And chaſe a change of colours round the sky:
And now I view but half the flaming ſphere,
Now one faint glimmer ſhoots along the air,
And all his golden glories diſappear.
Onwards the ev'ning moves in habit grey,
And for her ſiſter night prepares the way.
The plumy people ſeek their ſecret neſts,
To reſt repair the ruminating beaſts.
Now deepning ſhades confeſs th'approach of night,
Imperfect images elude the ſight:
From earthly objects I remove mine eye,
And view with look erect the vaulted sky;
Where dimly-ſhining now the ſtars appear,
At firſt thin-ſcatt'ring thro' the miſty air;
'Till night confirm'd, her jetty throne aſcends,
On her the moon in clouded ſtate attends,
But ſoon unveil'd her lovely face is ſeen
And ſtars unnumber'd wait around their queen;
Rang'd by their MAKER's hand in juſt array,
They march majeſtick thro' th' ethereal way.
Are theſe bright luminaries hung on high
Only to pleaſe with twinkling rays our eye?
Or may we rather count each ſtar a ſun,
Round which full peopled worlds their courſes run?
Orb above orb harmoniouſly they ſteer
Their various voyages thro' ſeas of air.

* *Claudian.*

Snatch me ſome angel to thoſe high abodes,
The ſeats perhaps of ſaints and demigods;
Where ſuch as bravely ſcorn'd the galling yoke
Of vulgar error, and her fetters broke;
Where patriots who to fix the publick good,
In fields of battle ſacrific'd their blood;
Where pious prieſts who charity proclaim'd,
And poets whom a virtuous muſe enflam'd;
Philoſophers who ſtrove to mend our hearts,
And ſuch as poliſh'd life with uſeful arts,
Obtain a place; when by the hand of death
Touch'd, they retire from this poor ſpeck of earth;
Their ſpirits freed from bodily alloy
Perceive a fore-taſte of that endleſs joy.
Which from eternity hath been prepar'd,
To crown their labours with a vaſt reward.
While to theſe orbs my wandring thoughts aſpire,
A falling meteor ſhoots his lambent fire;
Thrown from the heav'nly ſpace he ſeeks the earth,
From whence he firſt deriv'd his humble birth.
The mind adviſ'd by this inſtructive ſight,
Deſcending ſudden from th' aerial height,
Obliges me to view a different ſcene,
Of more importance to myſelf, tho' mean.
Theſe diſtant objects I no more purſue,
But turning inward my reflective view,
My working fancy helps me to ſurvey,
In the juſt picture of this April day,
My life o'erpaſt,----a courſe of thirty years
Bleſt with few joys, perplex'd with num'rous cares.
In the dim twilight of our infancy,
Scarce can the eye ſurrounding objects ſee;
Then thoughtleſs childhood leads us pleas'd and gay,
In life's fair morning thro' a flowry way:
The youth in ſchools, inquiſitive of good,
Science purſues thro' learning's mazy wood;
Whoſe lofty trees, he, to his grief perceives,
Are often bare of fruit, and only fill'd with leaves:
Thro' lonely wilds his tedious journey lies,
At laſt a brighter proſpect cheers his eyes;
Now the gay fields of poetry he views,
And joyous, liſtens to the tuneful muſe;
Now hiſtory affords him vaſt delight,
And opens lovely landſchapes to his ſight;
But ah too ſoon this ſcene of pleaſure flies!
And o'er his head tempeſtous troubles riſe:
He hears the thunders roll, he feels the rains,
Before a friendly ſhelter he obtains;
And thence beholds with grief the furious ſtorm,
The noon-tide beauties of his life deform:
He views the painted bow in diſtant skies;
Hence, in his heart ſome gleams of comfort riſe;
He hopes the guſt has almoſt ſpent its force,
And that he ſafely may purſue his courſe.
Thus far my life does with the day agree,
Oh may its coming ſtage from ſtorms be free!
While paſſing thro' the worlds moſt private way,
With pleaſure I my MAKER's works ſurvey;
Within my heart let peace a dwelling find,
Let my goodwill extend to all mankind:
Freed from neceſſity, and bleſt with health;
Give me content, let others toil for wealth:
In buſy ſcenes of life let me exert
A careful hand, and wear an honeſt heart;
And ſuffer me my leiſure hours to ſpend,
With choſen books, or a well natur'd friend.
Thus journeying on, as I advance in age,
May I look back with pleaſure on my ſtage;
And as the ſetting ſun withdrew his light
To riſe on other worlds ſerene and bright,
Chearful may I reſign my vital breath,
Nor anxious tremble at th' approach of death;
Which ſhall (I hope) but ſtrip me of my clay,
And to a better world my ſoul convey.
Thus muſing I my ſilent moments ſpend,
Till to the river's margin I deſcend,
From whence I may diſcern my journey's end:
Annapolis adorns its further ſhore,
To which the boat attends to bring me o'er.
And now the moving boat the floods divides,
While the ſtars tremble on the circling tides;
Pleas'd with the ſight again I raiſe mine eye,
To the bright glories of the azure sky;
And fill'd with holy horror thus I cry.
While I behold theſe wonders of thy hand;
The moon and ſtars that move at thy command,
Obedient thro' their circuit of the sky,
ALMIGHTY LORD! will thy dread majeſty
Vouchſafe to view the wretched ſon of man,
Thy creature, who but yeſterday began,
Thro' animated clay to draw his breath,
To-morrow doom'd a prey to ruthleſs death!
TREMENDOUS GOD! may I not juſtly fear
That I, unworthy object of thy care,
Into this world from thy bright preſence toſt,
Am in the immenſity of nature loſt!
And that my notions of the world above,
Are but creations of my own ſelf-love;
To feed my coward heart, afraid to die,
With fancied feaſts of immortality!
Theſe thoughts, which thy amazing works ſuggeſt,
Oh glorious FATHER, rack my troubled breaſt.
Yet, GRACIOUS GOD, reflecting that my frame
From thee deriv'd its animating flame;
And that whate'er I am, however mean,
By thy command I entred on this ſcene
Of life,----thy wretched creature of a day,
Condemn'd to travel thro' a tireſome way;
Upon whoſe banks, (perhaps to cheer my toil)
I ſee thin verdures riſe, and daiſies ſmile:
Poor comforts theſe, my pains t' alleviate;
While on my head tempeſtuous troubles beat.
And muſt I, when I quit this earthly ſcene,
Sink total into death, and never riſe again!
No ſure,----theſe thoughts which in my boſome roll,
Muſt iſſue from a never-dying ſoul;
Theſe active thoughts that penetrate the sky,
Excurſive into dark futurity;
Which hope eternal happineſs to gain,
Could never be beſtow'd on man in vain.
To thee, Oh FATHER, fill'd with fervent zeal,
And ſunk in humble ſilence I appeal;
Take me my great CREATOR to thy care,
And gracious liſten to my ardent prayer!
SUPREME OF BEINGS, omnipreſent power,
My great preſerver from my natal-hour,
Fountain of wiſdom, boundleſs Deity,
OMNISCIENT GOD, my wants are known to thee,
With mercy look on mine infirmity!
Whatever ſtate thou ſhalt for me ordain,
Whether my lot in life be joy or pain;
Patient let me ſuſtain thy wiſe decree,
And learn to know myſelf, and honour thee.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

LONDON, *March* 12.

Extract of a private Letter from Paris.

THE Cardinal Miniſter appears to be ſomewhat embarraſſed, as if he apprehended, that a certain foreign Court, being tir'd out with his Delays, had reſolved to ſtrike in with another Party, and make his Eminency the Dupe of his procraſtinating Politicks; by which means France may be ſhut out of the Mediation, and the Crown of Great Britain prove more ſucceſsful in it than our Miniſters, becauſe his Britannic Majeſty, as a German Prince, muſt be ſuppoſed to be better acquainted with the Genius and Intereſts of the Imperial Court.

We were almoſt perſuaded, that the Court of Spain had privately ſet on foot an Negotiation with that of Vienna; but are now convinc'd of the contrary, and that every thing is tranſacted by the Canal of the Miniſters of England and Holland; ſo that the Scheme of Affairs ſeems to be entirely altered, and we cannot penetrate with any certainty into the Views of the Queen of Spain. Wherefore his Eminency, to avoid the Reproaches of the Court of Seville, for not holding our Quota of Forces in readineſs, has iſſued Orders, in all Events, for Sea-Armaments at Breſt and Toulon, and alſo for the Troops to be ready upon the Frontiers of Savoy; though the ſaid Orders are not perhaps diſpatched, becauſe there is ſo little likelihood of the Expedition's taking Place, and ſo great Appearance of an Accommodation, that we are told, the Duke du Maine and the

the Marſhal de Villars have ſecret Orders to prepare a Scheme for the Reduction of the Army. It is even reported, that there will be a ſort of Congreſs at the Hague, only for a formal Signing of the Convention that is now upon the Carpet.

Rochelle, Feb. 18. *N. S.* They arreſted here, ſome Days ago, a young Man, Son of a Notary of Orleans, and a young Woman, the Daughter of a rich Merchant of the ſame Town, who ran away with one another: They were juſt ready to embarque for the Iſles; they ſay, this is the firſt Adventure they undertook, in order to lay a Foundation for the Subject of a Novel. Damon brought away from his Father to the tune of 20, or 22,000 Livres; and Phillis made ſhift to pack up to the Value of 18,000.

London, Feb. 28. Yeſterday being the Feaſt of the Sons of the Clergy, the Stewards collected at the Doors of the Choir of St. Paul's, and at Merchant-Taylor's Hall, upwards of 500 l. ſo that the whole Collection yeſterday, and at the Rehearſal on Tueſday, amounts to upwards of 700 l.

Laſt Night his Majeſty and the Prince of Wales went to the Ball at the Opera Houſe in the Hay-Market.

March 13. Laſt Tueſday 102 Felons Convict were ſent down the River, and ſhip'd on board the Petapſco Merchant, Capt. Lux, for Maryland,

Dublin, Feb. 27. On Wedneſday a great Tumult was raiſed in the Cuſtom-houſe by a young Fellow's refuſing to go on board an American Veſſel, which he had bound himſelf to go off in; but the Crew tying a Rope about him, dragged him into the River, and in few Moments quieted all Motions of perverſeneſs.

Dublin, March 9. On Sunday Morning her Grace the Dutcheſs of Tyrconnel, Siſter to the Dutcheſs Dowager of Marlborough, departed this Life, in a very advanced Age: It is ſaid ſhe was 104.

Cuſtom-Houſe, New-York, May 17. *Inward Entries.*
Burrows from Bermuda, Croſs from North-Carolina, Stiles from Nevis and Turks-Iſland. *Entred out*, Phœnix for Jamaica, Rivers for Curacoa, Smith for St. Kitts, Row for Madeira. *Cleared out*, Martin, Sipkins and Bethel to Barbadoes, Boſch to Boſton, Donavan to Jamaica.

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 20.

Markets at Barbadoes *the* 1*ſt of* April *laſt.*

Corn and Peaſe from 2 *s. to* 2 *s.* 6 *d. Butter* 5 *d. to* 6 *d. Beef* 27 *s.* 6 *d. to* 32 *s.* 6 *d. per Barrel. Pork* 40 *s. to* 45 *s. Herrings* 17 *s.* 6 *d. Fiſh* 8 *s. to* 10 *s. per Quintal. Flour* 10 *s. per Hundred. Bread very reaſonable. Cheeſe* 4 *d. to* 6 *d. but what is brought from New-England* 3 *d. per Pound. Candles dipt* 5 *d. Mold* 8 *d. to* 9 *d. per Pound by the ſingle Box. Oats* 20 *d. per Buſhel. Tallow* 5 *d. per Pound. Tobacco* 30 *s per Hundred. Cocoa* 16 *l. per Hundred. Wine* 14 *l. per Pipe. Rum* 14 *d. Melaſſes* 10 *d. Sugar* 18 *s.* 9 *d. to* 20 *s. per Hundred. Cotton* 9 *d. per Pound. Ginger* 3 *l. per Hundred. Lumber very reaſonable.*

Cuſtom-Houſe, Philadelphia, Entred inwards.
Brigt. Bootle, Thomas Francks, from Virginia.
------ Swallow, John Plasket, from Briſtol.

Entred outwards.
Ship Phœnix, John Wilcocks, for Briſtol.
Brigt. William, Robert Rea, for Barbadoes.
Sloop Dorcas, Meredith Hughes, for Ditto.
------ Eagle, Thomas Ball, for Jamaica.

Cleared out,
Ship Conſtantine, Edward Wright, for Jamaica.
Sloop Two Brothers, George Gibbs, to Ditto.

Buried in the ſeveral Burying-Grounds of this City in a Week paſt.

Church - - - - -	3.	Baptiſts - - - - - - - - - -	0.
Quakers - - - -	4.	Strangers Whites - - -	1.
Presbyterians - -	0.	Strangers Blacks - - -	2.

Juſt Publiſhed,

THE LAWS enacted the laſt Seſſion of Aſſembly. Containing the Amendment of the Debtors Act, the Act againſt Hunting Deer out of Seaſon, and ſeveral other new Laws. Printed and ſold at the New Printing-Office near the Market. Price 2 s.

RUN away from *John Owen*, Sheriff of *Cheſter*, an *Indian* Man who went by the Name of *Ham*, but his right Name is *Jacob Tomſon*; he is a broad ſet Man, full faced, with long black Hair. He hath an old brown Coat, a pair of old Trowſers, old white Stockings, old Shoes, and an old Beaver Hat; he ſpeaks pretty good Engliſh, being New-England born. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Man ſo that the Sheriff aforeſaid may have him again, ſhall have *Thirty Shillings* Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid, by *John Owen.*

RUN away on the 16th Inſtant, from *John Orr*, near *Skuylkill, Philadelphia*, a Servant Man named *James Mitchel*, of middle ſtature, brown hair, ſmooth faced, about 28 years of Age; his right Arm marked with 2 Fiſhes, the Letters I. M. and the Date of the Year, in blue; by Trade a Cooper; has been a Traveller, and can talk *Dutch, Spaniſh* and *Iriſh*. Has with him a brown Ratteen Jacket, ozenbrigs Shirt and Breeches, black Stockins, and 3 pair of Stockins beſide of three different colours; brown Breeches patch'd on the Knees. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Servant ſo that his Maſter may have him again, ſhall have *Five Pounds* Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid by *John Orr.*

RUN away on the 5th Inſtant from *Samuel Eves* near *New-Caſtle*, Sadler, a Servant Man named *Benjamin Berry*, of middle ſize but ſlender, freſh fair Complexion, ſpeaks good Engliſh but a little drawing; grey Eyes, ſharp Noſe a little dropping, his hair brown about an inch long. Has with him an old Beaver Hat, a brown great Coat torn up the back, with ſome Holes and a double Cape; homeſpun Shirt, ozenbrigs Trowſers, white ſtockings, good ſhoes without buckles. Alſo a Duroy Coat of a dirty grey colour, about half-worn, made very plain, much too ſhort for him, which he ſtole ſince he went away. He is wont to change his Name to *George Grub* or *John Hart*, can write a good Hand, and perhaps has made a counterfeit Paſs. 'Tis thought he is gone toward *Durham Iron Works* or *Sopus*. *Whoever ſecures the ſaid Servant, ſo that his Maſter may have him again, ſhall have* Forty Shillings *Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid by* Samuel Eves.

RUN away from *James Engliſh* of *Freehold* in *Monmouth* County, *New-Jerſey*, an Iriſh Servant Man named *Alexander Maclane*, aged about 20 Years, a ſhort well-ſet Fellow, with dark brown Buſhy Hair. He has a homeſpun grey Coat lined with Orange Stuff, and trim'd with Cloth Buttons and Holes; a homeſpun lightiſh grey Veſt, grey Cloth Breeches, white Thread Stockings, and a pair of grey Yarn Stockins, and a new Felt Hat. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Servant ſo that his Maſter may have him again, ſhall have *Forty Shillings* Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid, by *Iſaac Stelle. May* 2. 1731.

RUN away on *Monday* laſt, from *John Comely* of the Mannor of *Moreland*, a Servant Man, named *William Green*, aged about 20, of middle Stature, pale Complection, long Viſage, large Noſe, and dirty light brown Hair. Had a new aſh-colour Kerſey Jacket, a Coat of near the ſame Colour with Horn Buttons, Leather Breeches, blue-grey and other Stockings, homeſpun Shirts and old Shoes. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Servant ſo that his Maſter may have him again, ſhall have 25 s. Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid, by *John Comely.*

ALL Perſons indebted to *Thomas Willing*, late of this City, Merchant, are deſired immediately to ſettle their Accounts, and pay the Ballance to his Attorneys, *Willing* and *Shippen*, at their Store on *Carpenter's* Wharff. *Philadelphia, May* 4. 1731.

PETER BAYNTON at the lower End of *Front-ſtreet*, ſells all Sorts of Loaf Sugar, as *London* double, *New-England* double and middling, &c. cheaper than at any Time heretofore; and will allow ſix Months or more Credit, to any ſubſtantial Purchaſer. The ſaid *Baynton* has Train Oyle to ſell, and ſundry *European* and *Weſt-India* Goods.

PHILADELPHIA: Printed by *B. Franklin* and *H. Meredith*, at the *New Printing-Office* near the Market, where Advertiſements are taken in, and all Perſons may be ſupplied with this Paper, at *Ten Shillings* a Year.